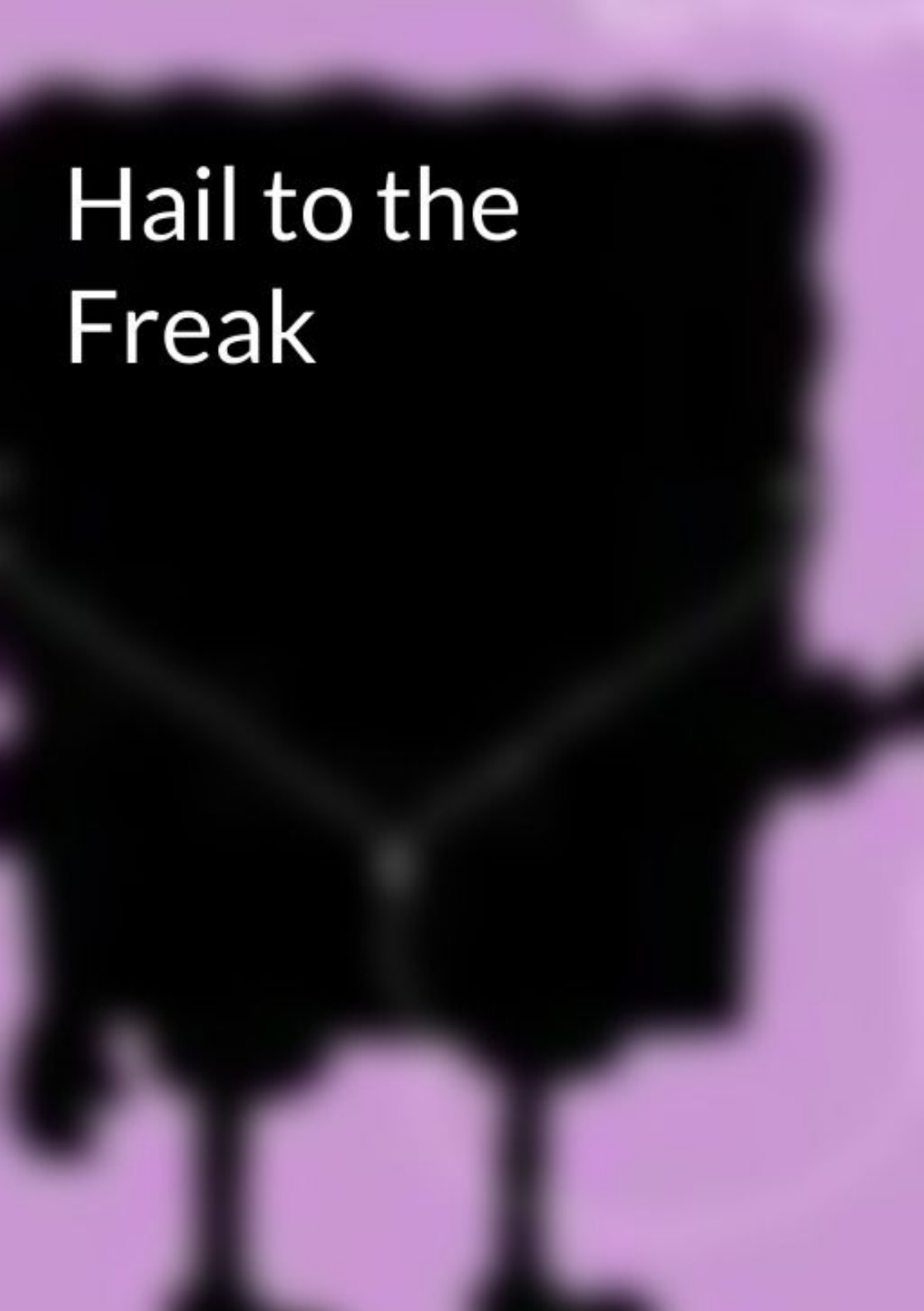
Hail to the
Freak

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Hail to the Freak

By xxlittleflamexx

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Chapter 1

Hail to the Freak (1)

*This is my new story, hope you like it! Enjoy! And don't forget to vote and comment!! Come on, you know you want to! *

Hail to the Freak

Introduction

Most high school romance stories you hear about a geek falling in love with a jock have a shy little nobody who is incredibly in love with the football star who actually has feelings. Well, it's all a big crapload of lies.

So shut up and listen, because you're about to hear my story.

Chapter 1

Here I am, Amelie Brodeli, a short, black-haired, greenish-brown eyed, feisty senior at Crescent Beach High School in Macky Beach, FL. Macky's a really small town with a population of about 2985. It's small, right? There's only one high school, Macky High, with only 156 students in the senior class, and only a few people in each clique.

I'm the only person without a clique. Even the loners group together. There's just nobody like me. No one who has a black belt and wears all black, and I'm not Emo or Goth, so forget about that. Nobody who has the some music style as me, a scoop of Sara Bareilles, a handful of Natasha Bedingfield, and just a dash of Taylor Swift all mixed together. Nobody who wears a fedora to school. Nobody who skipped a grade. And most of all, nobody who doesn't love the populars.

There's really just the jocks, because all the girls are really just sluts who act like they're just the greatest thing ever, But people still respect them, because they

hang with the jocks. They are the experts on the 'Hump and Dump'. I wonder when they'll realize that they're being used?

Then there's the center of their clique. Macky High's very own baseball team captain, Conner Bright. Humph. He should be named Conner Dimwitt. Whatever. Unlike most high schools, baseball is the big game instead of football. Our stupid county banned football because of insurance issues or something.

Today's the first day of school. I went to my locker to put away the books I wouldn't need for homeroom and first period. I looked at my schedule.

Homeroom..... Mrs. Hamrick

Art..... Mrs. Hamrick

Adv. Math..... Mr. Delta

Adv. Bio..... Ms. Swindle

Lunch

Adv. Eng..... Ms. Bear

Study Hall..... Ms. Spiel

Adv. History..... Mr. Washington

You can see just how smart I am. I've gotten acceptance letters to all the schools I applied to including: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Oxford, and several other state colleges. The counselor wanted to move me up two grades when I was a freshman, but I only wanted one. A sixteen year old in college doesn't sound too tempting.

I shut the door to my locker and headed to Homeroom. I'd met Mrs. Hamrick last year when visited here for the first time to check out the school, and she was probably going to be my favorite teacher this year. She always let me eat lunch in her room and nearly always left to do some errands so I got to be alone in her room. She said I was the only student she trusted to not steal or do drugs or whatever in her room when she was gone. I always used that alone time to listen to music and sing along with it.

I'm a great singer. When I was in elementary school I was the star of the school chorus. I sang all the solos, was always the example, and it was my dream to go

professional. I was going to, too. I got a chance to record for kids CD's and I practiced and practiced and my first demo came out. I had to use a fake name so I wouldn't get stalked. It just became too much pressure so we moved and I stopped singing forever. Nikki Sing (fake name) was lost. I like it better this way, though. No one can tell me what to sing.

I got to class first and sat down at an inconspicuous seat in the back. Slowly people started walking in and sitting down. Most people were smart enough to stay away from me as I crossed my arms and gave my death stare. I was dressed in my normal outfit. Black T-shirt, Black jeans, and Black fedora with my hair pinned up in it, not showing at all. Nobody here has ever seen my pin-straight, beautiful black hair before, and I like to keep it that way. Only one person ignored my frightening appearance. Guess who?

Conner sat down in the seat next to me and rolled his gray eyes at my narrowed eyes.

"Hey, jackass," I said firmly and loudly. "Move."

"Nah, I think I'll stay here." He replied with a smirk. "I like this seat."

"Uh, Conner? You should move before she kicks your ass." Said one of Conner's teammates.

"I told you, I like this seat. And nobody can kick my ass." Conner said smugly.

"You wanna bet, hotshot?" I asked him.

"Bring it on! Arm-wrestling, right here, right now. You win, I won't sit here. I win, I have rights to annoy you for the rest of the year." He challenged.

"Alright." I said calmly, and pulled up a chair to the opposite side of his desk. I put my elbow on the tabletop and waved him forward. He did the same. We gripped hands and he flexed his bicep, trying to squish my hand and show off. The teammate, named Kyle, started counting.

"One..... Two..... Three..... Go!" He yelled. Connor and I started battling at 'Go!'

Not even ten seconds later I slammed his hand into the desk. The crowd that had gathered around us to watch 'ooh-ed'

Connor looked at me in shock. "Nobody has ever done that before." He said. He got up and bowed to me. "Tell me, master of the arm-wrestle, how did you acquire your fine skills?"

"Three older brothers and a lot of Tai-Kwon-Do. Now move." He glared at me, but moved his stuff to the seat to three seats up from my right. He kept staring at me until the bell rang and Mrs. Hamrick came in. The class didn't seem to notice, because they were talking loudly. I guess about me, because I keep getting looks from most of them.

"Would someone like to explain to me the reason why we are all talking?" Mrs. Hamrick said through the microphone she used for just this reason.

Someone up from said, "That weird girl just beat Connor at arm-wrestling."

Mrs. Hamrick sighed. "Already embarrassing people, Amelie?"

"He asked for it!" I explained.

"Whatever you say. Okay let's start with attendance...."

The whole next hour was spent with the learning of the rules and the class mission and all that, and also with people, especially Connor, kept glancing at me all the time.

Apparently news travels fast here, because by lunch everyone knew of my victory. I was asked out several times while walking in the halls. I planned on grabbing my lunch and going to the Art Room to eat and whatever else I want to do.

I stood in the lunch line and paid the lady. But before I could leave the principal stood up on a table with a microphone.

"Important announcement to all seniors! The owner of this fine establishment has told us that his very own niece has decided to come here. No one knows who this mystery girl is so we will have a contest to find her!" Oh crap! One more thing I forgot to tell you. My Uncle owns the school. "All we know is that she has black hair. She is the princess of this school and we would like to crown her so at this year's winter masque, which will take place in two weeks, and whoever unmasks her will receive a letter of

recommendation to the college of their choice, and 100 extra credit points in the class of their choice. Good luck, detectives!" He got down from the table. One of the sluts sitting with the jocks stood up.

"I would like to confess that I know who this girl is! It's me!" She yelled proudly.

"You're a blond, dumbass!" Someone yelled from the other side of the cafeteria. The slut pouted and sat down.

I fled the room. I don't know why I'm so worried. No one knows I have black hair.I was interrupted from my thought by somebody talking to me. Another slut.

"Hello, Freak. I'm just going to tell you this once, and only once. Stay away from Connor. He's mine." She turned to walk away.

I started laughing. She stopped and turned around again. "What?" she asked furiously.

"It's just that you think that a jock is going to go out with you for more than one night after he seduces you!" I chortled. She huffed and turned away.

I got to the Art Room just in time for Mrs. Hamrick to start to leave. "Oh, good." She said. "I thought you weren't going to show." She opened the door for me and told me she would be back ten minutes before my next class.

When she left I took my iPod and portable docking station out, took off my fedora and shook out my hair, and started to play my favorite song, 'Sojourn' by Natasha Bedingfield. I took out Mrs. Hamrick's microphone, turned off, and started singing along with my eyes closed.

Sitting on the edge

Of an armchair

My seatbelt unfastened

Shoelaces not tied

Letting the wind mess my hair

Make up all smudged

Waking up all blurry eyed

It's too early in the morning

For my words to come out right

Just getting used to sunshine

I'm still squinting in the light

And it looks like a perfect day

Just to get away

All the mundane

Has bought out the rebel

I was born to be

And it feels like the perfect time

Just to break away

This is my life

It's a sojourn from the norm, oh, yeah

I'm a non-conformist

I like doing stupid things

Like laughing on a train

Or falling in love again

Television, magazines

They tell you how to live your life

But not how to use your brain

It's too early in the morning

For my words to come out right

Just getting used to sunshine

I'm still squinting in the light

And it looks like a perfect day

Just to get away

All the mundane

Has bought out the rebel

I was born to be

And it feels like the perfect time

Just to break away

This is my life

It's a sojourn from the norm, yeah, oh, yeah

I wanna do something

I've never done

Dip my toe

Beneath the surface

Of a sea that I've never seen the bottom of

I'm not perfect

Don't have to be

Can walk around in just bare feet

I'm comfortable in my own skin

My confidence, it starts within

And it looks like a perfect day

Just to get away

All the mundane

Has bought out the rebel

I was born to be

And it feels like a perfect time

Just to break away

This is my life

It's a sojourn from the norm

A sojourn from the norm, oh, yeah

I finished singing and opened my eyes. Standing at the door staring at me wide eyed, was none other than Connor.

"The door was unlocked and I needed to speak with Mrs. Hamrick." He said quietly.

"She's never in here during lunch. She let's me in here, though." I said quietly.

"Oh.... Who are you?! He asked suddenly. Oh my god. He doesn't recognize me! Yes!

"You don't need to know that. Now get out." He looked around and seemed to focus on one object. My fedora.

"You- No, not possible, is it? Are you the girl who beat me today? Amelie?" He looked surprised.

"Yes, and if you tell anyone about this I will kick your ass for real." I said coldly. His eyes widened.

"Definitely!" He said.

Chapter 2

Hail to the Freak (2)

I finally figured out that Hail to the Freak makes no sense but I'm not sure if I should change the title to All Hail the Freak so I won't. Sorry it took so long to write the second chapter, but you know how it is (I hope :)). Enjoy! And this is where I usually tell you guys to vote and comment, but I won't annoy you with that crap. P.S. I got the name Kathleen from my friend Kathleen. Hi Kat! I finally posted Chapter two so stop bugging me! And stop it with the micro-blogging website crap or I'll kill your character! JKJK. LOL.

Hail to the Freak

Chapter 2

Connor was just getting up to leave when the door started to open. Oh no. Mrs. Hamrick's back early. She's going to freak when she sees Connor.

Instead of an elderly teacher, a girl with purple eyes (contacts, obviously), light skin, and hair with purple, blue, green, red, orange, and pink highlights in it, wearing a black t-shirt and skirt and black knee-high boots (looks like a Goth but not) stood there.

"No freakin way." I said.

"Did somebody order a side of irony?" the girl said.

"Kat!" I screeched.

"Mel!" she said back.

I jumped up and ran towards her. Kathleen has been my best friend since we were in diapers. She is the queen of irony, hence the greeting. She wears black and is into occult, which is dark magic, vampires, ghosts, etc., but she has a bright personality and wants to be a motivational speaker. Her frightening appearance is just her way of speaking up against

'the Man'. She absolutely detests all the pressure that society puts on appearances.

Unfortunely, she is home schooled, so my only friend doesn't go to Macky.

It's like she read my mind, which she claims she can, but she's just joking. We've known each other for so long that we have no secrets from each other.

"I decided to try out public school, and I know how you are dieing out here, so I started at Macky!" she gushed. Yes, gushed. She's spunky, but she, like me, has no other friends because people suck.

"THANK YOU!!!" I practically screamed. I don't think Kat heard me, though, because she was staring at Connor.

"Who is this?" she asked blankly.

"Connor, Kat. Kat, Connor. Okay, Asshole. You can leave now." As usual, he ignored me and walked up to Kat.

"I'm Connor Bright. It's nice to me you." He said politely. I rolled my eyes.

"Kathleen Totoro (LOL). Nice to meet you too." She kept looking from me to Connor.

"What?" we said at the same time.

"I foresee a romance in your futures." She said and waved her arms in front of her. She is a creepy fortuneteller, because she's usually right.

"No way." I said. "We gotta go. Bye." I grabbed Kat's arm and pulled her out of the room. She looked at a flyer pinned up outside of the classroom.

"'Winter Masque. Featuring the unveiling of the mystery girl that is the school owner's niece.' Oh my god, Mel. A masquerade in your honor! Awesome."

"A masquerade in my honor that I won't be attending."

"But you have to!"

"I-"

"You're going. This is a favor for me. You owe me one for taking the blame for spray-painting 'the world sucks' on your uncle's driveway."

Damn. I only wrote that out of grief for my parents and my sister, Angela's, death from a boating accident, which is why my current guardians are my uncle and aunt.

"It doesn't matter, anyways. Nobody knows what color hair I have anyways so there will be no unveiling." I said as calmly as I could. Then I froze. My fedora. "Crap!" I turned around and ran back towards the art room. I yanked open the door.

Connor was gone. So was my fedora. Damn jock.

Chapter 3

Hail to the Freak (3)

*I know that Totoro is a stupid last name, Kat, so if anybody has any idea of a better last name, feel free to TELL ME!!!!!!!!! Help me get Kathleen out of my hair! Bah! Anyways, enjoy! And vote and comment. But you knew that :).

Hail to the Freak

Chapter 3

I searched for Connor the rest of my lunch period, only to find out that he left to go move his stuff from one house to another. Took my fedora with him, too.

You should see the looks Kathleen and I keep getting, some from people who were looking at my head, others looking at Kat's appearance, and some just looking at the Freak who beat a Jock.

"I still can't believe you did that," Kat said for the fiftieth time today. "I mean, compared to him, you're an amoeba!"

"Yes, I'm tiny. Get over it. And Connor had no strategy whatsoever. Easy, peezy."

"Uh huh, because we all know that baseball players don't stand a chance compared to you."

Kat had all the same classes as me, thank you Uncle Benny. The day went by pretty quickly, and when I got home I went straight to my room, the master bedroom. My Aunt Karen doesn't like upstairs rooms because she tends to stumble a lot in the mornings. There's only one room upstairs (mine) and it has a huge window with a fabulous view of the window to the house next door. Luckily, nobody has lived in that house for a year, so no views of unsavory or vulgar activities in the room.

I love my room. 15x20 ft., huge private bathroom, walk-in closet big enough to do a cartwheel in, dark red and orange walls, an office-sized desk, and a king-sized bed to top it off. Weird and awesomely cool paintings hung on the walls.

"Mel, come downstairs and meet the new neighbors!" I heard Uncle Benny yell.

Neighbors? My wonderful person-less view out of my window is gone?

"Mel! Their son goes to Macky!" No, no, no, no, no. No one can find out who I am!

"If you wanted me to come down then you should not have told the principal I am your niece. He has a school-wide investigation going on and a prize going to the person who reveals me!" I yell back.

"Fine! He's coming up!" Crap! I look around and run into my closet, shutting the doors behind me. There's a knock at the door, then it squeaks open.

"Hello?" an all-too-familiar voice calls out. *mental screams* no way.

I grab my old Darth Vader mask from the top shelf. It's the kind with the voice disguiser. I shove it on, look in my full length mirror to make sure only some of my black hair showed, and slowly opened the door and walked out of the closet.

Connor was sitting on my chair looking around. He saw me come out and smiled.

"This sure isn't the room of a princess." He joked. "You know, I'll find out soon enough who you are, so there's no use in hiding yourself, Mel. In fact, I'm pretty sure I already know who you are."

I sighed and pulled off the mask and tossed it on the bed. " Okay, Connor. Now you know. Going to tell everyone tomorrow?"

"Not if you don't want me to." He said. I was shocked.

I quickly recovered. "So waiting for the right time to use it against me?"

"I told you, I won't tell."

"Whatever."

I couldn't tell if he was lying or not, so I just let the subject drop. And now, on to more important subjects.

"Where's my hat?" I asked.

"Why, whatever do you mean?" he said a little too innocently.

"I'm talking about the fedora you took off with during lunch hour. I don't think a lot of my teachers even knew who I was."

"Okay, you caught me. But I'm not giving you your fedora back. You look better without it."

"Whatever. Just give it back!"

"No. Your hat in exchange for keeping this," he gestured to the room. "A secret."

Aggh. Smart boy. Meh, I guess it's fair enough. I shrugged.

Connor stood up. "I have to go, but I'll see you tomorrow, princess." Finally. Wait, did he just call me princess?

"Hey, Connor? Who's taking that room?" I pointed to the window across from mine.

He smiled. "Me." He left before I could say anything, leaving me with my mouth hanging open.

I just hung around my room the rest of the night, quiet. I started doing homework, but kept thinking about Conner. I know it's kind of cliché, but he really is cute.

I heard a thump at my window. And another one. And another one.

I through open the curtains with a baseball bat and mace in my hands.

Thump. At the house next door, the Bright's residence, Connor stood at his open window with a hacky sack tied to a string of yarn. He was repeatedly throwing the sack at my window, hoisting it back up with the string, and throwing it again. Cathing my attention.

When he saw me open the blinds with my weapons, he stopped and laughed. I dropped the bat, but kept the mace. He was within spraying distance.

"What now?" I said, exasperated.

"I can't sleep.

"So?"

"Can you sing me a song?" He has got to be kidding me. A song?

"You can't be serious." I laughed.

"Oh, I am. Pretty please? With sugar on top." He made an attempt at a puppy dog face.

I laughed again. "Fine, one song. What do you want?" He smiled really wide.

"Breathe, by Taylor Swift. I heard my older sister singing it once."

"Angela loved that song too." I whispered on the verge of tears. Oh, great, here they come. Tears spilled down my cheeks before I could stop them. I turned away.

"Oh, god. Are you crying? What's wrong?" I didn't answer. "Mel?"

"It's getting late. I have to go." I started to close the window.

"Ok. By the way, I cleared it with your uncle, I'm taking you to school tomorrow. Night."

Whatever. It doesn't matter anymore. None of it matters anymore.

Chapter 4

Hail to the Freak (4)

Sorry it took so long this stupid laptop keeps dying before I finish the chapter I'm on. Anyways, I don't know if I'm done with Diary of a Witch Princess yet, so I may or may not start a new story soon. Enjoy, vote, comment, blah, blah, blah.

Hail to the Freak

Chapter 4

You know how I woke up this morning? Water was dumped over my head! Somebody took me from my bed, put me in my large bathtub, and poured cold water on me. Guess who was behind it?

That's right. Conner and Kat.

"Ahhhhhhh!" I screamed as something cold and wet hit me. My eyes shot open to reveal two sniggering teenagers. "What the hell? I was sleeping!"

"Exactly! We needed to wake you up!" Kat said through her fit of giggles. Conner simply couldn't speak, he was laughing so hard. I got out of the tub and grabbed a towel, glaring at them the whole time. Eventually the laughter died down and Conner was able to say something.

"Come on, hurry up and change out of those clothes. We're going out." It had been nearly a week since Conner moved next door. Our morning routine was wake up, get ready, pick up Kat, and go to school.

"Why? It's Saturday morning, and I want to sleep." I grumbled.

"No, it's Saturday afternoon, and we're going out." Kat countered. There is absolutely no use in arguing with Kat, so I threw them out of my room, to get ready.

"I heard them talking through my door while I picked out some clothes.

"Kat, who's Angela?" Connor asked.

Kat was silent for a moment. Then, "She was Mel's older sister."

"Was?"

"She and Mel's parents went on a boating trip one day. Mel didn't want to go because she had plans. Her family never came home. They found the boat. No bodies."

Conner gasped. "That's horrible!"

I opened the door. They looked almost surprised to see me there, but they got over it and we went downstairs, in silence.

We went to Conner's Honda Fit.

"Where are we going?" I asked when I was buckled in.

"How about the mall?"

I shrugged. "Sounds good to me."

Most of the car ride was spent in silence. The only noise was the whir of the engine. Finally we got there. Who suggested a movie? Conner. Who suggested Sweets from Heaven? Me. Who insisted on going dress shopping for the masque? Do I even need to tell you?

" Come on! It'll be fun!" she begged.

"Yea, because I love wearing skirts. Oh, you know me so well!" I said sarcastically. "Conner, you might want to flee before she starts convincing you to rent a tux and take me to the masque."

He looked kind of shocked for a second before shrugging and walking towards the food court. I wondered what the expression was about while Kat dragged me to the small dress shop called 'Madame'. Small place, but it had some really beautiful dresses designed by some unknown designers. I hadn't been in this shop since the accident. It's where Angela worked. She was the most incredible designer I had ever seen. Always doodling on her sketch pad.

When we walked in I saw Angela's best friend, Jenifer, at the register. She looked up, saw me, and

jumped up. "Amelie!" she exclaimed with her slight Australian accent. She was the second most devastated person, after me, after the.... You know. She had dirty blonde hair, blue eyes, and was kind of short and slim.

"Hi Jen." Me and Kat said.

"We need dresses." Kat said after a short awkward silence.

"Obviously." I muttered. Kat, as usual, ignored me.

"Okay, me first! My standards are black, goth-ish, scary looking, and it has to be a ball gown." She took one look at me and said, "Obviously Little Miss Half-empty doesn't want to be here so we have to pick a dress for her." I rolled my eyes and went to go browse through the more blacker and modest dresses at the back.

It took only about fifteen minutes for Kat to find the perfect dress. *I'll wait till the masque to show you what it looks like. ⏪* Sadly that meant it was my turn. I waited till Kat started searching to pull Jen to the side.

"Can you just pick a dress for me? I'm super bad with this kind of stuff!" I probably looked half crazed and desperate, but I didn't care.

Jen seemed to be battling with herself, but in the end she sighed and said, "I'll be right back." She ran to the back of the store where they store extra dresses, and came out with black garment bag with a tag saying the designer's name dangling from the bottom. I couldn't read it.

Jen's face was solemn and kind of sad. She set the dress to the side and turned to me. "After what happened, I found one of Angie's sketch books, and I wanted to see her ideas, I know how amazing she was. It was a new book, so there was only one sketch. It was so beautiful. I - I made it in her memory. She had titled the dress, too. Amelie's Dress. She made it for you. So it's yours now." She picked up the garment bag and unzipped it. It may have been the most beautiful thing I'd ever laid eyes on. And of course I couldn't hold back the tears that now cascaded down my cheeks. Kat had come sometime during Jen's story and she put an arm around me.

Of course I took the dress, and Jen insisted I take it for free, mostly because she was actually waiting for me to come sometime so she could give it to me and wasn't going to sell it. I took some time to check my reflection in the mirror so it wasn't obvious I had been crying.

Now I couldn't wait till the masque.

Chapter 5

Hail to the Freak END!!!

THE VERY LAST CHAPTER OF THE STORY YOU ALL HOLD SO DEARLY! Well, I wouldn't go that far, but here it is. Vote. Comment. Don't pee your pants reading my awesomeness, but feel free to cry, cuz I probably will (SOBS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!). And to Kat, hahahahahahaha I ruined the ending for uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!!!!!!!!! PONED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! HYPERNESS!!!!!!!!!!!!

Hail to the Freak

Chapter Who-cares-its-the-end-of-the-story-and-frankly-I-don't-give-a-Hoover

Remeber how I said I couldn't wait till the masque?

HAHAHA

I change my mind.

Three hours of torturous hair yanking and such from Kat for a cliché highschool dance.

Because 'I have a lot of potential and I should show it.' Her words, not mine. Here's a picture of Kat in her getup (I just love that word!):

http://img.alibaba.com/photo/10665040/Evening_Dress_Evening_Gown_Or_Ball_Gown_Black.jpg

Wow, right?

My dress, the one that made me cry? Here:

http://images.quizfarm.com/1123879662DSC06391l.jpg

Amazing, right? All of Angie's dresses are. I miss her.

DING!

Finally! Conner is here to pick me up (Don't get excited, it's just as friends!) Kat already left with her scary-looking goth date that she asked out (Kat's just like that. Doesn't bother to wait to be asked out).

Anyways, Conner was wearing a tux, but he slightly resembled a penguin regarding his posture when he greeted Uncle Ben. *I think that's what it was. I can't remember.* Uncle Ben stared at him hard, well, more like glared.

"Hurt her and bad things will happen. Baaaad things." He turned to me. "Have fun!"

I ushered Conner out with whatever dignity I had left. As soon as I shut the door, Conner's Penguin posture relaxed.

"Soooo....." I said when we were in his car.

"Uh huh....."

"Mmmhmmm."

"...."

I decided to break the silence.

"So, sit on any eggs recently?"

"What?"

"Nothing." More silence.

"You look... clean." He said.

"Umm, you too. Very clean."

He laughed nervously. "I meant to say that you look pretty."

"And you look very handsome, I guess."

Silence.

"Are we there yet?" When you can't make conversation, annoy people.

"No."

Wait for it...

"How about now?"

"Not yet."

"Now?"

"No."

"Now?"

"No."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"No."

"How about-"

"NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Yea we are." We pulled up at the school. I pulled on my silver mask, and Conner put on his red one.

"Am I recognizable?" I asked before stepping out of the car.

"Not one bit."

"Great. Let's go." Just as I suspected, I thought as we stepped into the gym, where the masque was being held. Colorful streamers decorated the ceiling, balloons of all shapes and sizes were tied to chairs holding lonely party people. A large stage was set up at the opposite side of the doors.

"It looks like an emo rainbow threw up." I stated.

You know that movie Cinderella Story? Yeah, the scene where she walks in and descends the stairs while everyone stares? Uh huh, very similar to right now. Almost immediately, people were whispering

things like, 'that's got to be her.' or 'All hail the princess' HAH! I wonder what they would think if they knew they were hailing the FREAK.

Principal whatever his name is stepped onto the stage. "Ach hem. I see we have spotted our princess! Come up here, you! Yes you! Green dress, black hair, girl nobody has ever seen!" I reluctantly walked up and stepped onto the stage. "Tell! Who are you!"

"I'd rather not." I said into the microphone the Principal shoved under my nose.

"I'll tell you." Oh no. Not now.

Kat stepped onto the end of the stage, holding a microphone she stole from a very angry band member. "Amelie, the very menacing. Amelie Brodeli." Before I could register her words,she ran towards me and ripped off my mask. Gasps flooded the room.

"Kat! How could you?" She shrugged.

"Conner dared me to do it."

"And you did it?" I asked incredulously.

"Give me a break, He called me chicken!"

"I did do that." Conner said from the foot of the stage. "And you know what I dare you to do? I dare you to sing a song."

"No chance in-"

"Chicken."

"What are you, five?"

"Bok." he clucked. Soon he had the whole room clucking.

"Okay! I'll do it!" The clucks stopped.

I whispered the song name to the lead singer, who whispered it to the band. The music started playing.

Now that she's back in the atmosphere

With drops of Jupiter in her hair, hey

She acts like summer and walks like rain

Reminds me that there's a time to change, hey

Since the return from her stay on the moon

She listens like spring and she talks like June, hey, hey

But tell me, did you sail across the sun?

Did you make it to the Milky Way

To see the lights all faded

And that heaven is overrated?

Tell me, did you fall for a shooting star?

One without a permanent scar

And then you missed me

While you were looking for yourself out there?

Now that she's back from that soul vacation

Tracing her way through the constellation, hey

She checks out Mozart while she does Tae-Bo

Reminds me that there's room to grow, hey

Now that she's back in the atmosphere

I'm afraid that she might think of me as

Plain ol' Jane told a story about a man

Who was too afraid to fly so he never did land

But tell me, did the wind sweep you off your feet?

Did you finally get the chance

To dance along the light of day

And head back to the Milky Way?

And tell me, did Venus blow your mind?

Was it everything you wanted to find?

And then you missed me

While you were looking for yourself out there

Can you imagine no love, pride, deep-fried chicken

Your best friend always sticking up for you

Even when I know you're wrong?

Can you imagine no first dance, freeze-dried romance

Five-hour phone conversation

The best soy latte that you ever had, and me?

But tell me, did the wind sweep you off your feet?

Did you finally get the chance

To dance along the light of day

And head back toward the Milky Way?

But tell me, did you sail across the sun?

Did you make it to the Milky Way

To see the lights all faded

And that heaven is overrated?

And tell me, did you fall for a shooting star?

One without a permanent scar

And then you missed me

While you were looking for yourself?

And did you finally get the chance

To dance along the light of day?

And did you fall for a shooting star?

Fall for a shooting star?

And now you're lonely looking for yourself out there

I finished the song and everyone erupted in applause.

One shout stood out from the others.

"WHOO! Go Melly!" I heard somebody scream from the entrance. Only one person ever called me Melly.

Not possible. Just not possible. A hallucination. A dream. A trick of the lights.

But they were there. Flesh and blood. A little more raggedy than I remember them being, but there.

My microphone fell from my hand with a loud clang. I jumped off the stage and walked slowly to the back. Everyone stared at me.

Tears poured down my cheeks, probably ruining my makeup, as I realized that it wasn't a dream. Not a hallucination. The lights were perfectly fine.

I tackled my sister and hugged her with all the energy I could muster up. My parents, too.

"Is that my dress?" Angie asked with her eyebrows raised. I nodded. "Jen?"

I nodded again.

Later, I would hear of how the boat crashed on some rocks, and my family swam safely to the shore of a deserted island. How their instincts were the only thing keeping them alive as they waited to be rescued for a year. A passing helicopter saw a fire and stopped to check it out, finding three near-starving people.

We went to Uncle Ben's to catch up, and I was exhausted. Mom and Dad are sleeping in the guset room, and Angie is sleeping in mine.

When she went into my bathroom to change and shower, I went to my window and opened it up. Just as I thought, Conner was waiting for me.

"Hey." I said softly.

"Hi." he whispered. " I have to tell you something. I like you."

I was silent for a moment.

"I knew I shouldn't have told you, not now." he muttered.

"Conner."

"I know it was stupid I just-I don't know...."

"Conner." He continued to mutter to himself. I picked up a random notebook from my desk and tore off a piece of paper. I wrote four little words on it and crumpled it up. I threw it at Conner's head with perfect aim. He picked it up from where it fell in his room, read the words 'I like you, too' and smiled.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow. Night."

"Night." he said, still smiling. I closed the window.

Angie walked in toweling her hair.

"Who was that?" she asked.

I smiled. "Do you want to hear a story?"

THE END!!!!!

About the Author

xxlittleflamexx